Prin. Come hither, Frances. *Fran.* My Lord.
Prin. How long haſt thou to ſerue, Frances?
Fran. Forſooth, fiue yeeres, and as much as to.
Po. Frances.
Fran. Anon, anon ſir.
Prin. Fiue yeere, berlady a long leaſe for the clinking of pewter; but Frances, dareſt thou be ſo valiant, as to play the coward with thy Indenture, and ſhew it a faire paire of heeles, and run from it?
Fran. O Lord ſir, ile be ſworne vpon all the bookes in England, I could find in my heart.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon ſir.
Prin. How old art thou, Frances?
Fran. Let me ſee, about Michaelmas next I ſhall be.
Poin. Frances.
Fran. Anon ſir, pray you ſtay a little my Lord.
Prin. Nay but harke you Frances, for the ſugar thou gaueſt me, t'was a penie worth, was't not?
Fran. O Lord, I would it had bin two.
Prin. I will giue thee for it, a thouſand pound, aske me when thou wilt, and thou ſhalt haue it.
Poin. Frances. *Fran.* Anon, anon.
Prin. Anon Frances, no Frances, but to morrow Frances: or Frances a Thurſday; or indeed Frances when thou wilt. But Frances.
Fran. My Lord.
Prin. Wilt thou rob this leatherne Ierkin, criſtall button, not-pated, agat ring, puke ſtocking, Caddice garter, ſmooth tongue, ſpaniſh pouch?
Fran. O Lord ſir, who doe you meane?
Prin. Why, then your browne baſtard is your onely drinke? for looke you Frances, your white canuas doublet will ſulley. In Barbary ſir, it cannot come to ſo much.
Fran. What ſir? *Poin.* Frances.
Prin. Away you rogue, doſt thou not heare them call.
Here they both call him, the Drawer ſtands amazed, not knowing which way to goe. *Enter Vintner.*
Vint. What, ſtandſt thou ſtil, and hearſt ſuch a calling? looke

to